

THE BASKET.

Vol. 1.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1888.

No. 17.

UNAVAILING GRIEF.

Our dead! our precious dead! O, how we mourn them,
Their last low words we whisper o'er and o'er,
Their sacred last requests, how we have borne them
Upon our hearts, wishing that they were more.

To come no more! how many a heart has broken
With longing for some reconciling word,
Which one most fondly loved had left unspoken,
Making all life a pang of hope deferred.
It sometimes seems that heaven must kindly open,
And common air with shining wings be stirred,
So that we might receive some blessed token
That all our love and longing had been heard.

But all, alas, in vain! the shining spaces
Are silent, as we listen, night and day;
We turn again to feel their empty places,
And dream of joys before they passed away.

Advocate and Guardian.

The Haddonfield *Basket* is one of our exchanges, every number of which we read from beginning to end. It is published by our confrere, John Van Court, a life-long printer, now an octogenarian, who, like Benjamin Franklin, when his active public career closed, turned once more to the *case*, and beguiled the tedium and loneliness of old age setting type. Bro. Van Court's name has been connected with several prominent and useful publications in years long gone, and his present enterprise is a curiosity among village papers. It is a two-page sheet, 10 by 12 inches in size, and a model of itemistic brevity, having sometimes as many as 40 different topics in a single issue, and every one of them bearing the "ear marks" of a veritable typo, who knows how to present his matter in a terse and taking style.

We copy the above from the "Ocean Grove Record," published by our genial friend and younger bro., Rev. Adam Wallace. He can preach a good, lively sermon, but seems to have had a penchant for newspaper work, having been connected with several periodicals at different times. The "Record" is a highly useful and interesting paper, not only to the people of Ocean Grove, but to the thousands who visit that religious and health inspiring summer resort. It comes to us, weekly, as a refreshing breeze from old ocean, which we so much love, but may never see again. The two little words, "ear marks," are suggestive. Some ears are short and some are long! depending upon the animal.

A man by the name of Frank Snaal, at a place near Titusville, Pa., got married recently, and a number of ill-mannered hooligans gave him what was called a "charivari," at which he became so annoyed and angry that he fired a revolver into the crowd, fatally wounding one of them. Now if we were on the jury in such a case we should vote for a very light punishment, or none. A man has a right to protect himself from mobs.

David H. Calvert, of Chicago, whilst handling a revolver, it went off, accidentally, it is said, killing his 17 year old wife, who would soon have become a mother.

HALLUCINATION.—We were recently told the following story: A lady, being ill, was troubled with a buzzing, or ringing in her ear. She recovered. But sometime afterwards, whenever she went to her room in the evening, but at no other time, she heard, as she said, music in her head or ear. Fearing a relapse of her former trouble, she consulted her physician. But his treatment failed to give relief, and happening to mention the matter to an acquaintance, he explained by informing her that a man had recently moved into the house next door to her, who was in the habit every evening, when in his room, of playing on the banjo! The doctor's services were no longer required.

A writer in the *Ledger* on "Woman Suffrage," says she has that already, for "she instructs her men how to vote and what to do, and if any man pretends that he is not controlled by wife, or mother, or sister, or daughters, or some one who is expected to enter into one of the relations above mentioned, he is not much of a man anyway, and may be pitied as a forlorn individual, whose life is not worth living. The women are our masters, and while men tacitly, if not verbally, confess the fact, the women will be wise if they let 'well enough' alone. In reaching for more, they may lose the influence that nature and the fitness of things confer upon them, and lose the great privileges which heaven has given them, and no true man would deprive them of."

Rev. Mr. Lowe, who resides near Waverly, took occasion to preach a stirring sermon on temperance, and when on his way home, four men sprang on him, and compelled him to drink a half pint of whiskey. Warrants were out for the arrest of several parties suspected of the outrage. Rum cowards! doing their dirty work on the sly!

An artist became indignant because a farmer criticised his painting, in which he had represented a cow rising from the ground by putting out her fore feet first, instead of her hind feet.

A petition has been presented in Congress by a woman asking for the removal of her political disabilities, and that she may be invested with full power to secure the right of self-government, all State Constitutions or State Laws to the contrary notwithstanding. What a crank! She is president of the N. Y. State Woman Suffrage Association.

Another, a Miss, has received a diploma from a college, Columbia, as a "Bachelor" of Arts. Was this for a piece of hilarious fun for the boys who graduated at the same time?

Printed and Published semi-monthly by
J. VAN COURT,

BACK of Residence, opposite Presbyt'n Church,
Terms--25 cents for 6 months.
Entered at the Haddonfield Post Office as second class matter to go by mail.
HADDONFIELD, N. J., JUNE 22, 1888.

INCIDENT.—An amusing incident happened to us a few days ago, while waiting for the train, holding a bunch of flowers. A woman, entire stranger, not very fashionably arrayed, stepped up and asked if we would be so kind as to give her a rose. The rose was given, for which she expressed her thanks, and went her way. Soon afterwards she came rushing out of the office, and rapidly approaching us, she held up the rose, and assuming an attitude, she gave a specimen of female elocution, thus: "That rose will tell many a tale! I will say THAT rose was presented to me by a nice old gentleman—a kind-hearted old gentleman—with silvery locks, and in his SECOND CHILDHOOD!" Just then the train came up, and we moved on. A screw loose somewhere.

Thursday evening, June 7, the day our last paper was printed, was quite a notable one for Haddonfield. The incidents are named merely to record them, not as news.

Mrs. Werner, wife of Rev. Mr. Werner, had a surprise birth-day party—quite numerous.

Grace (Episcopal) Church began a Strawberry Festival, which was continued the two following evenings.

Jesse Peyton, Esq., had a plank-shad party.

"Children's Day" was observed in several of our churches on Sunday June 10. At one of them, a caged canary bird had been brought in, which shrilly whistled most of time during the service in the morning, and a horn was blown in the evening, both of which we consider entirely out of place in a religious service on the Sabbath day, and distracting to the congregation. We look upon religion and religious services as matters of seriousness, and not a mere amusement. These adjuncts are well enough at secular exhibitions, shows, concerts, etc., but not on the Sabbath day, when the people have met for the worship of Almighty God.

There was a handsome display of flowers on the platform and pulpit, and the children spoke their pieces, sang their hymns, had an exercise in responses, etc., to the gratification and satisfaction of the congregation.

There was a Public School Exhibition (Commencement) in the Jersey Building on Thursday evening, June 14, at which we understand there were some graduates. But the authorities failed the courtesy of a ticket, and we are unable to give particulars.

Thomas Crobert, and his 12 year old son, were drowned at Detroit by the capsizing of a sail-boat on Sunday.

On one of the villages in Maine, four men who were sailing on Sunday, were drowned, their boat capsizing. James Kelly was drowned near Bridgeport, Ct., on Sunday afternoon, his boat having capsized.

A young colored man was drowned while bathing in Maunington Creek, Salem co., Sunday. Name, Porter.

Quarterly meeting at the M. E. Church, next Sabbath. Love Feast at 9 A. M. Quarterly Conference Thursday Evening, June 28th.

We are sorry to notice that Miss Willard, who has been doing a great and good work at the head of the C. W. U. T., seems to be dissatisfied with that, and is seeking other work. Having been refused admission into the General Conference of the Meth. E. Church, she figured as one of the speakers of a political Convention, (Prohibitionist,) met to nominate a candidate for President of the U. S. If she keeps on at this kind of work, we opine there is danger of her getting on a level with Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Anthony, and the like, and of losing the respect of all but eccentrics and cranks.

Murder has now been added to base ball, open saloons, etc., on Sunday, at Gloucester, N. J. A young man, by the name Clemmer, was killed in a fight by another young man by the name of Day, on Sunday last, in the yard of the big rum saloon or tavern kept by Thompson. What else could be expected?

ACCIDENT.—Henry W. Albright, carpenter, fell from a building on Wednesday last, and was seriously injured—breaking two ribs and hurt about the head. He was attended to by Dr. H. Shivers. Howard Cline, son of the gate-keeper, also fell at the same time. He was much bruised, but not so badly hurt as Mr. Albright.

Getting very dry about Haddonfield. Very little rain so far this month.

The Baptist Sunday School went on a pic-nic on Wednesday, June 14.

The N. J. State Medical Society went on an excursion to Schooley's Mountain last week. Had a good time.

We hear some unpleasant rumors about one or two of our young people. Hope them not true or exaggerated.

The Sunday School of the Methodist Church of Haddonfield (about 250) went on an excursion to Annapolis, Pa., on Wednesday last, with a Camden school.

James H. Billington, whose death was recently announced in the Philadelphia papers, was, a few years ago, a resident in the vicinity of Haddonfield.

"Children's Day," at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening. Responses, speaking, singing, etc. It was stated that there were more than 10,000,000 of children in the U. S. not in Sunday Schools. Full house.

The Prohibition Convention met at Indianapolis on the 31st of May, and nominated Gen. Clinton B. Fisk for Pres., and "Rev." or "Dr." or both, who is "identified with the Campbellite faith," for Vice-P.

The Democratic Convention met at St. Louis on Tuesday June 5, and nominated Grover Cleveland for Pres. and Allan G. Thurman for Vice-Pres.

The Republican Convention met at Chicago on the 19th of June, and nominated — [None made when our paper goes to press.]

BLAINE appears to be the favorite with many.

We may be mistaken, but we think it looks as if Cleveland will be re-elected. But we'll see, in time.

MARRIED.

On the 9th of June, at the Parsonage of the M. E. Church, by Rev. P. Cline, WM. DAVID DOUGLAS, of Kansas City, Missouri, and HELEN C. SPEAR, of Philadelphia.

On the 13th of June, at the bride's residence, by Rev. P. Cline, Mr. JOHN F. STEWART and Miss ANNA FITCH, both of Haddonfield.